



VOL. III. No. 11.

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

WHOLE No. 113.

A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

THE STRAY WAIF.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are sealed; I strove against the stream but all in vain; Let the great river take me to the main; No more, dear love; for at a touch I yield— Ask me no more!"

Tennyson.

AMILTON came back from The Grange with a troubled brow. Edith knew that his mind was ill at ease, and in anxious suspense she awaited his words. He kissed her tenderly, and said—

"Do not look so sad, little one, it will all be right yet!"

"Then your father has refused his consent! I felt that such very sweet happiness would not last!" and Edith hid her face in his bosom. Hamilton smoothed back her hair softly and caressingly, and the shadow in his eyes grew deeper.

"Yes, dearest; that is, he objects to our love, but he is influenced by Eugene. He cannot hold us obstinate before your goodness and gentleness, Edith! He cannot resist your sweetnes of disposition—and in time he will be reconciled. If it withholds his approbation—the young man's voice grew stern as he spoke—"then will we wed without it! God forbid that the simple decree of man shall part hearts which the eternal hand of Fate has joined in one! With his blessing, if he will give it, but if not without it! Edith, you are more to me than father or brother!"

Hamilton talked to the despairing girl long and cheerfully—but her spirits only sank beneath his tender consolation; and a deep gray cloud of foreboding held down his cold shades to enfold her. When her lover took her in his arms, and kissed her good night, she clung to his neck with a strange feeling of security there—but of woe and blackness elsewhere.

Edith was crossing the hall on the way to her chamber, a man stepped out of the shadow of a column, and, handing her a sealed note, vanished like a phantom through the half-opened door.

She grasped the letter with a vague, nervous trembling, and once in the silence of her own room, she sat down, and opened the letter. It read thus:

"Miss EDITH TALONTE:—I address you these few lines, hoping you are not so entirely lost to all sense of shame as to refuse to be moved by the entreaties of an afflicted friend! You are, my young son tells me, his *affectionate wife*. Permit me to say that you will never be more!

If you do not leave the house of Hamilton De Lancie before the set of the morrow's sun—

your 'benefactor' and 'only friend,' as you are fondly styled, will be in an *all-house*—

you may consider these words in silence, but I assure you they are not. The manner in which my dearest son has conducted himself, for a year past, fully justifies the supposition of his loss of reason; and there are a dozen witnesses who will swear to his insanity! He will be immured in a private mad house for life—and more—he shall be disowned and accurst!

"Never shall it be said that a son of mine has forgot his noble name as to link his destiny with a woman of such a character! And now, if you leave Hamilton De Lancie, you will have no cause, prove it, by removing yourself forever from him—by restoring to him the childhood like which, out of foolish pity, he has bestowed upon you! If you love him, let yourself not be the bane of his happiness—the destroyer of his liberty! the murderer of his peace! Although I love my son very dearly, I would sooner bury him out of the earth than see him wedded to a *prostitute*! If you do not leave it to him, you have received this letter; and remember that in your hands rests the *eternal fate* of Hamilton De Lancie! Consider well, before you sacrifice him!"

HENRY MARSHALL DE LANCIE."

Edith read the cruel missive through, and through again. It was hard for a heart so strongly fraught with such high happiness, to comprehend so great a depth of woe! Slowly and crushingly the consciousness stole over her, and she laid upon her folded arms a face white as that of a sheeted corpse!

She sat thus until near midnight; then she arose, and stood erect. Her hands were clasped, her eyes cast upward—her whole expression of her face was that of self-immolation.

"No, no! he shall not be sacrificed! Heaven forbid that one hair of his head should come to injure through his love for me! That I—to whom he has been more than life—my only friend—that I should bring him sorrow! My love for him is pure—thank God for that! What matters my suffering? All alone in the world, friendless and unblest, what matter if my heart should break? I will go, though it should kill me!"

She threw over her hood and mantle, and taking only the sum of ten dollars from the ample supply of money with which Hamilton had furnished her; and retaining of her little trinkets only the necklace found about her neck when an infant, and a miniature of Hamilton, plainly set; she softly opened her chamber door, and stepped out into the passage.

Trotting feebly along, went the poor child, until she reached the entrance of Hamilton's room. A moment she stood there in silent agony, then sinking down upon her knees, she prayed long and silent for his happiness and for the guiding angel to direct her wandering footsteps.

CHAPTER IX.

Many things make up the web of life:—Fame and Love in bright threads of golden mist; and Weaves in bright threads of golden mist; and Love

throws cheating sunshine on the fabric!—Grief and Death, at last, sever the woof in twain, And all in blackness!

THE whole great city of New Orleans runs with the fame of the young cantatrice who was to make her *debut* before the public, on Christmas eve. Rumor pronounced her more than mortally beautiful; and the favored few that had been admitted to her private *chansons* were charmed no less with her loveliness, than entranced with her genius.

Mdlle. Leonore Galloni was a new star; who she claimed as her kindred, what fortunate country deserved the honor of her birth, none knew; with, perhaps, the exception of Mons. St. Leger, the accomplished manager of the Opera. He had found her in New York more than a year before, and had educated her voice for public singing. With this simple explanation, people were obliged to be satisfied; for Mons. St. Leger was a man who kept his own secrets.

Christmas eve came at last, and the spacious Opera House was packed with an eager multitude. There was the usual amount of bad singing and good singing; the necessary compliment of music from the orchestra, and then the curtain fell to prepare for the *debut* of Mdlle. Leonore. The stillness of intense expectation settled upon the audience; and when the brightening of the footlights, and the tinkling of the stage bell, announced the coming of the cantatrice, the silence was so deep that you might have heard the dropping of a pin. The curtain rose, and the new "star" stood before the people.

In the involuntary surprise of the audience at the startling beauty of the *débutante*, they forgot the object for which they came, forgot everything but the ravishing loveliness of the woman before them.

Full and exquisitely moulded, was the *prima donna's* form; dignity dwelt in her attitude, and grace in the very fall of her hair. But her face—who can describe it? Her complexion was clear as the petals of the white water-lily, and entirely colorless, save where excitement had streaked her cheek with crimson. Her eyes were large, and blue as the noonday heavens, but in their depths was an ineffable sadness—a melancholy of the soul, which found utterance only there. Her features were classically regular—her mouth full and sweet, and her forehead high enough to redeem the face from *doll-like* beauty.

The paragraph which had caused such a display of emotions, ran thus—with the customary capital letters and flourishes with which such events are usually recorded:

"HORRIBLE AFFAIR AT ROCKREST, MASS.

"We learn from the Boston Herald of the 20th ult., that a most shocking affair has recently come to light, near the small village of Rockrest, in that State. A young man belonging to one of the wealthiest and most respectable families in the vicinity, has been foully murdered, it is thought, by his own brother! The circumstances are substantially, as follows:

"About two months ago, Marshall De Lancie, of De Lancie Grange, died suddenly of apoplexy, leaving by his will his property equally between his two sons. Three weeks after the funeral, the elder son, Eugene, was missing from the family, and search was made (in which the younger son, Hamilton, actively assisted) the body was found, about a mile from The Grange, lying upon the side, in a deep ravine, near Stillwater river. There was a fearful stab in the left breast directly over the heart, and a deep gash in the neck which severed the jugular artery! Death must have been almost instantaneous. It was evident from the appearance of the body, that the murderer, whoever he shall be proved to be, intended to convey to the minds of people, the idea of *suicide*, for the left hand of the murdered man grasped a knife the same which inflicted the wounds; and in the vest pocket was found a paper, with a few lines, expressive of weariness of life, and desire of death, written thereon. But all this availed nothing, before the stunning fact that the knife bore his brother's initials, and was immediately acknowledged by the unfortunate young man who had remained throughout the role of the cantatrice, fascinated by the strange beauty of the woman, immediately on her arrival, took the manager aside, and besought him to tell him all he knew of Mdlle. Leonore.

"Who is she?" ran from the lips of the fair songstress in her own sorrows. There was no affection in the melody—it was all reality—Nature triumphed over Art. The whole of that vast multitude sat spell-bound; until the last throbbing note died away upon the air.

Then, as with one accord, all rose to their feet, and the wide building rang with the plaudits of a thousand voices. Jewels, flowers, ribbons, everything available, were thrown upon the stage; but before the applause was half over, Mdlle. Leonore had bowed with calm dignity, and disappeared in the green-room.

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Manager St. Leger was a shrewd man, but he was honorable, and if the fair cantatrice had confided in him of her brother's conduct, he would have known it at once.

"A woman!" returned that worthy.

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GREENSBOROUGH, N.C.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

EDITORS.
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Corresponding Editors.
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January, 1858.

GIVE CREDIT.
It is a pleasure to us and a compliment to the writer for original articles to be copied from the *Times* by our exchanges.

We have a large list of contributors, and some of the first writers of the country; and papers cannot find a better source for making good selections in both prose and poetry. Though our contributions cost us much, yet we deem the *credit* given the selections as ample reward, as by such the *Times* is brought into notice and advertised in every community. We, therefore, take it as a favor for our exchanges to copy original articles from our columns.

In this connection, however, and the chief object of this article, is to call the attention of some of our exchanges to an injustice they do, by copying both prose and poetry from the *Times* without any credit. This is becoming nearly an everyday business, and is wrong.

One other item, while on the subject. The credit is often made to read—"N. C. Times." This throws the responsibility on a cotemporary at Washington, N. C. If you locate the *Times*, say *Greensboro (N. C.) Times*.

The Anniversary.
It will be seen by an announcement in today's paper, that the first anniversary meeting of the Greene Monument Association will be held on next Monday night.

The objects of this Association have been so often presented through our columns, that we design simply to call attention to the announcement. It will be remembered that Monday is the anniversary of the battle of "Guilford Court House," and the Association has selected this day as its own anniversary, that the remembrance of so great a battle—great in every thing that makes an event great—may ever be bright and lend an honored influence for the prompting and shaping of deeds honorable to the sons of noble sires.

The Committee has taken pains to make no great display such as is often made to supply the absence of reality with show, but they have made preparation suitable for such an occasion, and deem the occasion sufficient to attract the attention and the attendance of every body. The gentlemen whose names appear in the announcement have been invited and have consented to address the audience that may assemble. The church is the most commodious room that could be secured, and will doubtless accommodate all who may attend both from the town and country, and visitors from a distance.

Snow it to your Neighbor.—We are in daily receipt of letters from nearly every state in the Union for specimen numbers of the *Times*. We always prefer that the *Times* should be seen before it is paid for, as the subscriber can then judge for himself of the merits of the paper, without trusting to what others may say of it. We feel no fear from a pre-examination, for in respect to talent, no paper can array a superior list of contributors.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.—The reputation of Mr. Everett's Washington oration has, perhaps, never been surpassed. Yet it would seem that it is not the product of fortuitous circumstances, but a fair sample of the great and eloquent mind of the author. This appears evident since he has recently prepared another oration, on Charity, and which is engaged in delivery for the benefit of the thousands of distressed in our large cities. And its effects upon the audience is equal to the oration on Washington, as will appear from the following notice from a Richmond paper:

The "Charity Discourse" of this truly great orator, drew a large audience to the Theatre yesterday morning, although the announcement had only been made for a few hours. Seldom—never, we might almost venture to say—have we listened to an oration so full of mingled pathos and eloquence. Aged eyes wept with the young, and now and then a suppressed sob struck the ear. Those surrounding the orator, on the stage, visibly wept, and we hear that one of the functionaries of the Theatre, whose duty it was to attend the lowering of the curtain, was so much moved, that he could not attend with proper rapidity to his office.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—We have Liverpool dates to the 20th February. Political news not important. Large sales of cotton for the preceding week at an advance of one-fourth of a penny. Breadstuffs generally dull. Money market easier, and an advance on American stocks.

Letter Writing.
A friend has furnished us with the following "extract from a letter," which presents a beautiful idea upon the office of letter writing. New beginners, and some not new might make a profitable application.

I wish I had some news to communicate which would interest you. But to convey news, is not the highest office of letters. They constitute the medium through which absent friends communicate their sentiments and feelings. They form the channel through which, heart speaks to heart, whether in the language of friendship or love. Were it not for letters to keep bright the links in friendship's chain, often forlorn would fall in pieces. The golden cords of love, too, would become less bright and beautiful. Gold, you know, will not corrode. It withstands the action of air and water and fire. Exposure to years of absence, pouring floods of cold neglect, the fury of hot persecution—not air, nor water nor fire can destroy the pure golden bands that bind loving hearts together. If hearts thus bound together are ever torn in sunder, it must be by a rude shock, which leaves them lacerated and bleeding, it may be life.

I have fallen inadvertently into the above figure, which though defective, is not entirely devoid of delicacy and beauty, and is full of truth, (ardon the vanity.) Though golden cords will not corrode, yet letters are the appliances which keep them polished, bright, beautiful. Hence I say letters ought not to be converted into private news papers. They have a higher, purer office.

Georgia Colleges.

MEDICAL COLLEGES.—The commencement exercises of the State Medical College of Georgia, at Augusta, was celebrated on Tuesday, and the degree of M. D. conferred on sixty-one applicants.

An address was delivered to the Graduating Class by the Rev. Rufus K. Porter, which is thus reported by the *Constitutionalist*:

The idea was urged with much eloquence and earnestness, that there was nothing in revealed truth irreconcileable with the truths of science. We would be glad, if our time permitted, to notice at some length the Reverend gentleman's address, as we feel assured that we express the opinion of all who heard it, when we say that it was one of the most chaste and appropriate ever delivered upon a similar occasion.

On the same day occurred the commencement of the Oglethorpe Medical College of Savannah, at which seven students received degrees in course.

THE UNIVERSITY.—A correspondent of the Augusta *Despatch*, writes from Athens on the 27th ult.:

I understand of the students of the Franklin College are selling off their books, &c., and are going to leave. The cause of their leaving I was not able to learn. It was also whispered to day there would not be more than 25 students in the College, at the next commencement. I hope this is not true.

DECREASE OF IMPORTED GOODS.—We are glad to see the merchants of N. York are acting the part of wisdom in the present financial straightness, as will be seen by the following figures:

The imports of foreign dry goods at New York during February were but \$7,044,407, which is \$6,648,409 less than for the corresponding period of last year, (a decline of more than one-half,) \$1,856,402 less than for February, 1856, and \$839,369 less than for February, 1855. This decrease extends to almost every description of goods. Compared with the receipts for the corresponding period of last year, the imports since January 1st show a still greater decline. The total of dry goods landed at that port for two months is \$14,463,731 less than for the same period of 1857, \$9,677,029 less than for the same period of 1856, and \$3,163,809 less than for the same period of 1855. The imports of dry goods at New York from the commencement of the last fiscal year (July 1st) to February 27th are \$5,171,763, against \$6,775,463 for the same period of the previous year, and \$57,719,548 for the eight months ending with the same date in 1856.

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A WORKING LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of Texas is a remarkable body, and its labors without a parallel. They have a large amount of business on hand, and for some time have been engaged holding three sessions a day—forenoon, afternoon and at night. To these they have recently added a fourth—a session before breakfast. The Austin *Gazette* says the House now meets at 4 o'clock, A. M., and goes to work.

DEATH OF JUDGE KANE.—We notice a telegraphic dispatch from Philadelphia on the 22d ult., announcing the death of Judge Kane, the father of the illustrations in the *New York Times* says that the Spanish and Mexican difficulties are abated, and the fleet ordered to return to Spain.

Leisure Readings; or A few of the best things WE FIND IN Books, Periodicals, Magazines, and Papers.

For a few weeks past our "Leisure Reading" has been of a historic character; and though the lives of the heroes presented much of the cast of a Romance or of Tragedy, yet it was history, and therefore, something solid, serious and true. We vary the reading this week, and while we present something likewise solid, serious, and we hope in many cases true, yet confessedly it is but a fancy sketch. In many fancy landscapes, tinted with blended hues, are to reality human, as those that start out from the canvas of Tennyson. He is among poets that Raffaelle is among painters. We know of no gallery of female loveliness more charming than his; and none that so richly repays a walk through its pictured corridors.

Isabel, a Portrait.
Of all the female portraits painted by the divine brush of the poet, there are few so ethereally beautiful, yet so entirely human, as those that start out from the canvas of Tennyson. He is among poets that Raffaelle is among painters. We know of no gallery of female loveliness more charming than his; and none that so richly repays a walk through its pictured corridors.

Byron has painted gorgeous pictures of women in the bright aurora of her youth, and the more matured charms of developed loveliness; he has drawn around her a halo warm and glowing; he has bathed her in the hues of an eastern clime. His pictures are beautiful, with their depth of light and shade, their glowing tints, their Oriental splendor. They are rich paintings, hung up in gorgeous frames, to be looked at admiringly, but not sympathetically, for they seldom have their archetype in human nature; the entire range of our acquaintance cannot furnish us with a Meliora, or a Gihara.

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William's only intention was to repair the injury inflicted on them, (the constitution and religion,) and to put the nation in a position to do itself justice. For that *free Parliament* (the ladies are the Emperor's) was called, not according to new charters which had deprived the cities and towns of their rights, but according to the old statutes and usages; for William did not come as a conqueror, but for the sole purpose of securing the national will.

William did not come to take the crown by assault; he came to consolidate the destiny of England. Moreover, he destroyed the principle, regarded as inviolable and sacred, of hereditary rights; he could only oppose it by another principle, the sovereignty of the people. An acquired and recognized right can only be opposed by another right legally acquired and legally recognized. William did not want for persons to urge him to take possession of power by right of conquest, as William the Conqueror had done; forgetting that six hundred years of civilization had given force to the right of the nation rather than to the sword. Others also urged him to seize the crown by sitting before him the dangers of anarchy—that *complacent* *homum* which ever serves as the pretext for *gravitas*.

William, thus authorized by all those who could at the first moment represent the nation in the most legal manner, took upon himself temporarily the civil and military administration of the kingdom, and issued on all sides circular letters directing that the elections should be proceeded with conformably with the ancient statutes and usages. The troops were removed from all the places where the elections were to be held. The greatest order prevailed there as well as the greatest liberty and the 2d of February the Parliament, which took the name of convention, assembled in order to proceed legally to ratify the destinies of England. In that assembly all fundamental questions were freely agitated, and discussed at length.

During these grave deliberations, which lasted a year, the Prince of Orange maintained complete neutrality. Considering it to be his sole duty to maintain order, he even refused a petition, though it was in his own favor, simply because it was presented to Parliament in a tumultuous manner. Full of reserve and dignity, he remained impassive amid the passions in agitation around him, and entered into no intrigue with the electors, or with the members of Parliament.

The Prince of Orange acted towards Scotland as towards England. He convened a convention after the manner most favorable to the freedom of voting. This convention gave him the crown, without forgetting, at the same time, to proclaim the rights of the people. Ireland was in revolt against England; and from Assau to the mouth of the Indus? Verily, our presumption is unparalleled; and if we are much longer permitted to govern, our policy that this country will be rebuked by that some catastrophe far more terrible than any that has yet befallen us.

The catastrophe will not come in the form of revolted Sepoys, drawn up in battle array to determine our dominion and existence here by the arbitrament of arms.

Our enemies will not then be a fanatic multitude, inspired by drugs to engage in mortal conflict with the disciplined and in formidable regiment which England may send to these shores. No, our enemies will be those of our households, who prepare our food, who make our beds, and hold our lives ever in their hands—who are perfect masters in the arts of dissimulation—who, when moved to revenge injuries real or supposed, are indifferent in the presence of death and stolid under the infliction of punishment. Should we, by our threats of "vengeance in kind," precipitate the arrival of this day, Prime Ministers and Commanders in-Chief will sing a very different song from that which we have so lately heard.

At home we dwell with pleasure on our constancy and firmness when, having proposed a bill of general amnesty, which is rejected by Parliament, he signed an act of grace which had the same conciliatory effect; when, with the view of uniting all parties, he causes a bill to be adopted abolishing the penalties enacted by previous laws on the Non-conformists; and when, for the same purpose, he pressed the Parliament at various times to unit in our church Presbyterian and Anglican; and, finally, when he opposed incessantly the measures of rigor proposed to him against the Catholics, and forged offenses, and paraded injuries.

Fanatical men were seen who risked the destinies of their country on their poniards, and who attempted the life of the King; but they were sent with contempt by William before the ordinary tribunals, thinking that to give too much credit to such attempts was but to encourage others.

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GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Bettie Bain!

BY INVALID.

Can I forget, dear Bettie Bain!
When you and I, in joyous twain,
Without a thought of grief and pain,
Went bounding o'er the smiling plain;
When our young hearts were free from stain;
As first they from their Mabes came;
And all our dreams, dear Bettie Bain!
Were far too bright long to last.

Oh we were then a happy twain,
Oh very happy Bettie Bain!
With mirth our actions to enchain;
Our gushing spirits to restrain;
And I have often wished in vain,
That these bright days would come again;
When like young fawns, dear Bettie Bain;
We gayly gambolled o'er the plain.

The sun shone very brightly then,
Over hill and dale and sea and plain;
And every breeze from off the main
Was perfumed then, dear Bettie Bain!
We gathered flowers in the shaded lanes,
And wove them round our heads in chain;
Or sported in the sunshiny rain,
Like playful ducks, dear Bettie Bain!

On that those days would come again—
Then halcyon days, dear Bettie Bain!
I have often felt the pangs of pain,
Or found our youthful vision vain;
But you are still, dear Bettie Bain!
In yonder quiet churchyard lain;
While I a child of grief and pain,
Pine for these sunlit days in vain.

But by and by, dear Bettie Bain!
When death hath burst affliction's chain;
I'll greet your radiant face again,
In your brighter, lovelier plain,
Where peace and joy forever reign;
And freed from sorrow, sin and pain,
That rapturous joy once more regain;
Which once I felt, dear Bettie Bain!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

Dedicated to the girls.

BY MAT SOCIAL.

The dark side.—That's just the way with the girls!—Never satisfied until they are married. Such screwing of the waist to make them smaller—such painting and powdering of the face,—such torturing of the hair in curl papers—such hurrying of milliners and mantua makers—such smilie-sairs and graces practiced before the glass—such incessant dinging on the piano, dignified by the name of “practice”; and all for what? to fix the attention of Mr. so and so. Its all very delightful—moon light rambles, tête à tête in the parlour, rides &c and then the bustle and preparation for the wedding—perhaps a tour somewhere is taken: it is charming to be pointed out as “the bride”—to have the congratulations of friends, and to see the vexed look on Miss Disappointed's face, because you have won the handsome fellow who calls you wife. Its all very nice, I dare say, but the change cometh. Here you are at home now—the “no day wonder” is over—you have found out that Mr. so and so is a man after all, not an angel as you once thought. You would like to ride out sometimes—but then your ears are sure to be greeted with “I wonder why women can't stay at home—they always like to be going—restless creature, is there nothing that demands attention about the house?” A quiet chat with husband seems insipidous to happiness—but there sits the great creature, perfectly oblivious of your presence, his feet mounted up against the mantle, his head enveloped in a cloud of smoke, from that abominable cigar (cigars used to be “not at all disagreeable”) while he holds a newspaper, and seems perfectly absorbed by the Kansas and Utah items. Ah! the time was when he told you that he found so much meaning in yours, that he cared to read nothing else, except it was some impassioned poetical article; and not even then, unless its sentiment applied to you. As to moonlight rambles, they are out of the question—“you will catch cold in the night air”—there will be a “doctor's bill to pay”—strange that your health did not always be a subject of solicitude, especially as he used to seem to love you so much—and the bill! Fudge! Why money was once no consideration, if it would produce all to your happiness. Mr. so and so puts on a pair of unwhisperables—“I'll be confounded if here is not a hole in my pocket,” comes from the former gentle mouth—of course “it was not intended to wound you,” but you know better than that; for you remember distinctly that you promised to mend that same pocket some few days ago; but amidst a thousand other things, it was forgotten. Your gloves look a little shabby, you would like vastly to have another pair—“they will do very well”—oh! of course, but then, when the expense came out of Papa's pocket, that “dear little hand” was “so sweet in its nicely fitting glove.” You would like to sit down this morning, and spend an hour reading—it is the only leisure one you will have during the day; but here comes that bore of a husband—“Mary bring my coat—Mary where is my handkerchief?” Mary do put that book down, and attend to me for a few minutes, you are very careless of my wants. I am going down to see a fine exhibition of paintings—“now they are just the things you would like to see; but he has said nothing to you about going—no matter for that, here you must assist in making him cut a gentletoe figure, while he admires ostentiously the pictures, but really the pretty ladies, that crowd the saloon. Heigh ho! your leisure hour is gone, and with a vexed spirit you set about your household duties. Every thing has gone wrong—when you enter the culinary department, you find that the chickens that you so particularly told the cook were to be baked, are on the fire in an advanced stage of boiling—the dessert is not made properly, for all that cook told you this morning, your assistance was not required—Mr. so and so will come home by and bye, and there will be a frown on his face at dinner—over the best cooking you can have, don't let him send them fashion books. The necessity of crinoline will destroy polygamy. It will render Brigham Young himself unable to support more wives than one.—N. C. Planter.

were only single again, you would be rid of these annoyances.

Well night come—you have gotten in a good humour with Mr. so and so, he is your “dear husband” if crall—you think after retiring that you will have a little frolic with him—you begin to tickle him, but he gruffly says “oh don't!” even this will not vex you, so you talk to him a little, no! “I wish you would keep your tongue still. I am so sleepy”—strange indeed! why he used to sit for hours on the sofa with you at Papa's, and pretend that he “had no idea it was getting so late”—your “conversation was so entertaining.” Well! either you or he has altered wonderfully, since marriage—you can do nothing but cry, and wish yourself in your old home, until you fall asleep, and dream that you are gathering flowers, which fade as soon as you take them in your hand.

The Sunny Side.—Hours with the loved one! How pleasant they are!—oh! are you not amply repaid for all the doubts and fears, and the chidings from officious friends (?) before marriage? What a pleasant thing too it is now, to reflect that the pains you took during the years of courtship to improve your mind, and gain all practical knowledge possible, has its reward in the approving smile, and grateful acknowledgements for favors, from your husband. When he comes home wearied with the day's routine of professional duties, or perhaps labor, how sweet it is to receive his fond caress, and affectionate kiss—to place a comfortable chair near the fire if it is cold, or in a cool place if it is warm for him to rest: while you hurry to get his slippers. He looks so fatigued, dear one! Yet he does not forget to ask “how are you this evening Ellie?” Then here is an evidence of his affectionate remembrance, tied up in a bundle, and placed just where you will find it, and know it is your kind husband's gift to his loving wife. After tea, perhaps you have some sewing to do; then Ernest will read something entertaining for you, or tell you of some joke that he has heard, or been a participant in during the day. What pleasure it gives to take long walks with him in the country. You have ever been an enthusiastic admirer of Nature; but have suppressed your feelings when others have been with you; but he is such a sympathizing being, he feels with you—you don't fear that he will laugh at your enthusiasm. And when sickness robs your frame of its elasticity, and he lies on your couch of suffering, his dear hand with touch gentle as a woman's, rests on your fevered brow; or performs many kindly offices—how you look up, and bless the eye bent in tenderness upon you. In society how proud you are of him, as persons of intelligence listen delightedly to his logical arguments—his repertoire—his witty jokes, or perhaps the practical bringings of his better nature, when circumstances call them forth. How gratified you are too, to see admiring eyes watch him as he gracefully moves in the dance, bows to some fair lady, or promenades the rooms with an easy, yet commanding air. How sweet the reflection, all this beauty, intelligence and elegance is possessed by my husband—you repeat the blessed words again and again. Perhaps for this trait in his character! how implicitly you confide in him, feeling that he is a spiritual director, and that to you is given the cheering hope of a blissful eternity by his side, at God's right hand. Wedded life! Oh it is a God blessed boon! Existence is so one-sided, selfish and cheerless before—now the holiest feelings of the heart are ever arising to bless the pathway of the chosen and dear one, to whom you sustain the all important relation of wife. No matter what trials beset you now, he shares them with you, and your burden thus is lessened. A thousand joys hitherto unknown are yours. Such sweet hours of communion and interchange of thought!—Thou truly says—

Speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear surprises often, when you look around, And nothing strikes the eye but sights of bliss, All various nature pressing on the heart, And elegant sublimity, content; Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books, Ease and alternate labor, useful life. Progressive virtue, and approving heaven. These are the matchless joys of virtuous love; And thus their moments fly.

Curious Facts about Alligators.—Alligators' nests resemble haystacks. They are four feet high and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed of grass, and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a layer of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, these being common from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzenberg, of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his own house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.—*Iggy, the Geologist.*

What Happens Around Us.—There are developments brought to light daily in every large city, which far surpass the portraiture of fiction or the picturings of romance. It is not to the novel alone we must turn, if we wish to see life depicted in its true phases; neither in the gay rounds of fashionable society nor in the halls of wealth, do we find the realities of life. Wealth deprecates the true influence, blunts the appropriate sins and covers with a gilded simulation, the natural functions of every day action. There is nothing actual, nothing real in fashion. All is glittering, and all is alluring, and at the same time all is pretension, all is counterfeit. It is among the lower walks of life that we find those striking incidents which verify the old adage that “truth is stranger than fiction.”

Cure for Polygamy.—Punch says that President Buchanan need not throw away powder and shot upon the Mormons. Let him send them fashion books. The necessity of crinoline will destroy polygamy. It will render Brigham Young himself unable to support more wives than one.—N. C. Planter.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE “TIMES.”

An immense store of rich knowledge is stored in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and while, if collected together, called and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the amateur, the farmer, and the housewife.

Solids Best Suited for the Various Garden Vegetables.

Peas.—The soil should be moderately rich, and the deeper and stronger for the loamy growers. Peas are not assisted, but hurt by, reduced dung recently turned in. A fresh sandy loam, or red stuff, and a little decomposed vegetable matter is the best manure. The soil for the early crops should be very dry, and a little so, where the earth is moist, by mixing sand with the earth of the drills.

Radish.—The soil should be light and mellow, and well broken by digging. A scattering of the smaller growing sorts may be sown among other crops, such as spinach, lettuce and onions. It may also be sown between wide rows of beans, or on ground intended to be sown with a late spring crop.

Turnip.—To have an early crop, sow seeds in a dry and warm soil, and sheltered situation, in October, and cover during the winter. For summer and fall use, sow again in May, and water freely. The distance between the plants should not be more than two feet.

Turnip.—Saud or gravel, with a mixture of loam, produce the sweetest and best flavored roots. It should be made fine and not too rich, lest the turnips be rank and ill-scented.

We have given these brief directions, partly to call attention to the fact that the season is at hand when ground should be prepared for garden seeds in order, seed prepared and everything made ready for a vigorous gardening campaign—a campaign not so laborious or expensive as a military campaign, nor so detrimental and evil in its consequences, for the fruits of the earth, are health, the rich products of the earth, are health, in enjoying the fruits of our labors and sweet contentment. *Real Estate Register.*

The Farmer's Creed.—One of our exchanges gives the following first rate advice under the heading of “The Farmer's Creed.”

“We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to eat as well as its owners, and therefore to be nurtured. We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farm and farmer rich at once. We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep ploughing, and enough of it—all the better if with a subsoil plough. We believe that the best fertility of any soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—with out this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl or plaster, will be of little use. We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, dairy and conscience. We firmly believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to eat as well as its owners, and therefore to be nurtured. We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farm and farmer rich at once. 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